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A Letter sent to 18.
LONDON
From a Spie at
OXFORD,

Written by Owle-light, Intercepted by
Moon-light, Printed in the Twi-light,
Disperfed by Day-light, and may
be Read by Candle-light.

To his Honourable and Worſhipfull Friends M. *Pym*,
M. *Martin*, &c. and to all the Worthy Members,
Authours, Abettours, and Aiders, in or of
this holy REBELLION.

Which Letter was intercepted and taken priſoner by
Iohn Taylor, at *Layghton-Buzzard*, on *Thursday*
the 32th of *Auguſt* laſt.

And committed to the Preſſe by the aforeſaid
THORNY AILO.

Printed in the Yeare 1643.

A Letter sent to

LONDON

From a Spie

OXFORD

Written by Owl-light, intercepted by
Moon-light, Printed in the Twilight
Discovered by Day-light, and
be Read by Candle-light.

Printed at the University of Oxford, by
W. Johnston, and W. Johnston, M. P.
and to all the Worthy Members
of the University, and to all the
Honourable, and to all the
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THE END

*A Letter sent to L O N D O N, from a Spie
at O X F O R D.*



Most religious, renowned, and notorious Patriots, my zeale being immoveably fixed and rivetted to You and the good Cause You labour in, hath caused me to hazzard my person and estate in lurking in these parts to give You such Intelligence as may be advantageous unto Us, in our hopefull Proceedings. Sirs, I have habited and disguised my selfe in the shape of a Fellow that sels Oranges and Lemmonds, by which meanes I do under the forme of simplicitie over-reach, sift and picke out of the men, and withall I do cunningly under-feeble and groape out of the women these strange and remarkable Observations.

First, the extreme necessitie that those parts are in through the scarcitie of all kinde of Victuals, makes me conceive that the Malignant partie cannot hold out long, whereby it may be hoped that Your Worships may be advanced to rule, and the King to obey as You have long desired and laboured for. To bring which to passe, You with my Selfe and the rest of our Adherents have most liberally adventured our soules to make thousands of our credulous Followers lose their lives, estates, allegiance, and salvation, and all these vertues you have painfully practised under the maske, vizard, vaile, shadow, colour, or shew of Religion and Reformation.

The wants and extremities on the Kings partie are for the most part in these particulars following, Tobacco-pipes, in the first place, are but foure for a penny, Wheare is deare, at three shillings eight pence the bushell, Mault is at the high price of eighteen

shillings the quarter, Beefe is so scarce that they are faine to pay twenty pence the stone for it, and they cannot have it at that rate neither, till every stone weight be as dead as a stone, their Mutton and Veale is such that if you had it at *London* you would not give it to your Dogges, besides they are faine to dresse it with old wood, so tough that no Creature is able to eat it; also their Porage and Broathes are made so scalding hot that they are forc'd either to blow 'em, or let 'em stand and coole; they have not one Baker in *Oxford* that hath the art to bake stale Bread, and the Brewers do brew their Beere and Ale so new, that for the present it is not for any bodies drinking; all manner of Fish (fresh or salt) is at such prices that no man can buy any at all without credit or ready money; Horse meat is in that want, that one load of thrash'd Oates here is valued at the price of two load of Hay with You there, for the lowest price is twelve shillings the quarter; Grasse is eaten so bare that Horses are faine to feed as high as the eyes, for seven miles compasse about the Citie, and though stable-room be hard to be had often, yet they are so foolishly mannerly, that they will not put the Churches to that use, as You know we and our Armies do in most places where we come.

Thus have I shewed You briefly the miserable condition of *Oxford*, so that in all appearance the Malignant Forces will not stay long there, so that it is the most politicke point of Warre, and the safest and speediest way to winne a Citie, Town, Castle, strength or Fortresse, when the Inhabitants are weakest, and most unable to make resistance, and men are never in worse case to stand in opposition than when they are hunger-starved, with want and necessitie.

But alas, deare Brethren (in iniquitie) You have leapt such a whiteing, and slipp'd such an oportunitie, in not making upon *Oxford* all this while, the King and His Armies being busie and remote at *Bristol*, and at the Siedge of that brave stiffe necked Garison and Citie of *Gloucester*, so that *Oxford* might have been taken, if his *Majesties* Excellencie, and the valiant nick-named Conquerour had but look'd upon it with fourtie men and one Gunne,

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(2)

as easily as You may go to *Iffington*, and eat a messe of Creames; but such advantages You have let slip, that now You may cast your caps at it.

One thing more You must take notice of, which is of a great oversight, which You have let passe amongst You, that is, in not concealing the losse of *Bristol* from the common People, I tell You it hath cool'd their courages much, and also it hath almost killed their Loanes and Contributions, and it is to be feared that such another blow will quite cripple our Cause, and therefore I pray You have a care that none of our Overthrowes come to their knowledge, and by any meanes let it never come to the Eares of Master *Burton*, Master *Pryn*, or Master *Bastwick*; for take it on my word, if our liberall Benefactours and Disbursers do come to the knowledge of our being so disastorously beaten, as we have been lately, they will be hanged before they will part with any more money to maintain our zealous Rebellion, for we do know, and our consciences do verily believe that the King was ever since His first being, and will be till His earthly expiring reall in His constant performances, as He is royall in His promises and Protestations, we are assured He never did nor ever will incline to Poperie, nor allow any toleration for that Religion, but though we are sure of this, yet we must make the People believe quite contrary, for there is nothing can be got out of the mad-brain'd multitude, but by laying scandals upon the King, and to cause our Lecturers crie out, Papistrie, Poperie, & both Pulpits and Printing Presses to pronounce nothing but Popish and Papisticall Armies to be raised against them, and by those meanes they will be possesst with Feares and terrours, whereby we may worke our own ends easily, to translate (or coble) the *Monarchie* into an *Anarchie*, and the Protestant Religion into our holy Profession of *Brownisme* and *Anabaptisme*, but all this must be charily and warily kept secret from the People.

I pray You to remember my humble service and best respects to all our *New-England* Spirituall Fathers, namely, Master *Evans* the heart-breaker, that brake a Ladies heart in three pieces with a

non-sence Lecture, the pieces were Gold; Master *Peters* the demi-god of *Strepney*; Master *Goodwin* the red Dragon of *Coleman street*; Master *Obadiah Sedgwick* that preached away his buttons; *M. Callamie*, or *Calumnie* the perjurie-monger; Doctour Master *Bridges*, *M. Case* the Gown-stealer, *M. Cornish*, quondam under-butler of *New-Inne-hall*, Doctour *Stanton*, the Cousin of *Kingstone*, Master *Rood*, alias Round the Horse-courser, Master *Wells* the VVeaver, Master *Storie* Confessour to *Isaac Pennington*, Master *Marshall*, Master *Nye*, and Master *Bowles*, the three Spirituall Ambassadors into *Scotland*, *M. Cleaver* the Cavalier-hunter, Master *Ashe* the God-challenger, Master *Brookes* the late Tapster, *Woodcock* the very — Master *Lee* the weather-cocke of *Chester*, *M. Hearle* the great little Scholar, Master *Gregorie* (not he of *Tyburne*.) *M. Iohn Sedgwick* that thrash'd such a sweating Lecture that he put off his doubler, Master *Butler* and *M. Bolton* twins in devout *Brownisme*, and most constant Exhorters against Peace. I pray You to remember not to forget, and forget not to remember me to those forenamed VVorthies, and to all the rest of our Brethren of the holy Assemblie.

The truth is, that we are all deceived in the successe of our Plots and Projects, I am sure they have been a long time in contriving, they have been grounded upon most solid and politicall Foundations, and unparalleld Inventions, wherein You, *M. Pym*, have made your wisdome perspicuously famous, You have out-done the *Roman Cataline*, You have over-matched old *Nicholas Machiavil* the *Florentine*, and renowned *Guido* will be forgot, for your over-reaching stratagemicall State-braine will be matter enough to prove them dull-pated, shallow-braind *Coxcombe's*; your fame and name shall burie their glorie in oblivion, and the intended Blast of the fifth of *November, 1605.* shall be interr'd in his own ashes, whilest You alone, I say You, and your Associates shall fill up our English Chronicles in time to come, that You, with halfe a dozen more of your moulding, have over-swayed the Kingdom, and bravely attempted to un-king the King; for all the world knowes, that all the Devils in Hell could never have brought

brought so much mischief upon this Kingdome, except we had help'd them, and beene the inventors of it.

Get on brave Heroes as you have begun,

And see it done, or else you are undone.

I doe further give you intelligence, that though his Majestie be (beyond all exceptions) just in all his words, promises and actions, yet if the people doe but once believe him, your case and mine will be very miserable, we know that God saith; that *Whosoever resisteth the Higher Powers shall receive to themselves damnation*, but I pray you, have a great care to suppress and punish all such as doe dare to preach such doctrine to the people, for if ever they come to have so much grace as to believe God or the King, it will be high time for us to run away; we thank 'em for their good opinions that they have had of us formerly, for they have given more credit to us, then to their Creator, or their Sovereigne: for had they not put transcendent hyperbolicall confidence in us, we might still have remained poore obscure Knaves, in a pipeing peacefull manner, and these glorious golden warres had never beene raised or maintained. I was informed that *Gun-Smiths, Armourers, Sadlers*, and a great many Trades more, have exprest their thankfulness to you (and the rest that doe beare sway in our brotherhood, with your wives) in *Venison* and some better things; indeed you have beene the cause whereby they have had more worke within these three yeares, then they have had in fifty yeares before. I was certified, that the very Whores doe pray very zealously for you, for putting downe the Spirituall Courts, by which means they are all Tradefree: And all sorts of thieves, such as seldome or never used to say their prayers, are waxed to such a degree of holiness, that now when they doe pray, they doe with speciall devotion remember you, for many of them are growne damnable rich by stealing and plundering, *Cum privilegio*, under your protection: you have put the Goalers quite out of their wits with multitudes of prisoners, which are daily committed by you, who are all of them of such contrary dispositions to the ancient guests which

which they were wont to have, that those infernall Officers are all besides their byas; for now it is reported, that a Fellon, a Traitor, or a seditious Schismariel, is as rare to be seene in a prison, as a black Swan on the *Thames*, onely I heare that (in policy) you have sent our brother Master *Martin* to the Tower, but I hope you will not hang him for such small faults as highest Treason; I would have you to consider that Master *Martins* Case is many of our Cases, and if we fall to hanging one another, the malignant party will laugh at us, therefore I pray take heed, it is a hard world when one Wolfe eates another, and for fine to correct vice, it goes crosse the graine, and quite against the haire. I pray you remaine constant in your former resolutions, have an especiall care what the Presse or Pulpit doth produce, but let such be severely punished as doe dare to Preach, talke, Print, or think either of peace, duty, obedience or loyalty, yet let us seemingly desire *peace and truth*, but for all that, let us neither lay downe Armes, nor leave Lying. If you offer once to contrah *Rabsheka* for Blaspheming, or *Shimei* for cursing the Lords Anointed, you will be accounted for a turne coat, and esteemed no better then a Changeling; let the subjects liberty extend no further but to them that will be subject to you, you know it is better to be King of a Mole-hill, then to be in subjection to a Monarch.

My humble service remembred to my Lord Keeper (in expectation) I doe applaud his good fortune, and I honour his hopes, for verily the office is worth the hoping for, in the meane space let Master Sergeant *Wilde* patiently beare with the wildnesse of the mad, Salvage, Malignant partie who doe jeere him mightily heere, as it is well knowne you do there.

I assure you the Printing Presses at *Yorke*, *Shrewsbury*, and now at *Oxford*, have done our cause a world of mischief, for though our nimble *Mercurius Civicus* hath confest lately that he hath lyed his share for us, and withall we have done our best and worst to suppress and hide truth from the people, yet doe what we can our enemies doe out-word us, and their Armies would out-

one should be sooth they have greatly done of late. I tell you
 by these *Commonwealths*, *English*, and some other true Re-
 lations which are printed every weeke new at *Oxford*, and so
 made and bartering our *London* *Diurnals*, and getting *news*,
 (though they have lyed their shares to, and done their parties)
 and indeed to say the truth (though it be not in use amongst us)
 they deserve as much Reward for their paines as we do: but
 yet those Writers at *Oxford* (who tye themselves only to write
 Truths and Realities) have unhappily displayed our Politicall
 fictions.

There was a Pamphlet came forth lately, concerning the ho-
 ble acts of the tenth Worthy (Sir *William Waller*, Surnamed *A*
Conquerour) wherein was declared his triumphant victories,
 which were as followeth:

First on the 28. of March last the Lord *Herberts* forces being
 at a place called *Bineham*, (neere *Gloucester*) his Lordship being
 then at the Court, *Waller* with a great power, past the *Severn*
 secretly over to *Newnham*, and fell upon the back of the Lord
Herberts small armie, who gave him a brave repulse with the losse
 of foure hundred of his men, this was one of his conquering
 Conquests.

Secondly, the day following at a Parley betwixt him and
 the said Lords forces, *Waller*s men perceiving one of the out-
 workes but weake, made on it, won it, slew three hundred, and
 took as many prisoners, this was treacherously done, when they
 were at a parley; and this was another of the great *Williams*
 Conquests.

Thirdly, *Waller* tooke *Temkesbury*, when the souldiers in the
 towne were fast asleep, and lost it to Prince *Maurice* afterwards
 29. March.

Fourthly, (to give him his due) he conquered *Temkesbury*
 once more, the Kings forces being weary and sleeping as be-
 fore, 12. April, the fourth Conquest.

Fifely, he wan *Hereford* (when no body resisted him) the first
 of May, this was the fifth Conquest.

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Sixthly

Sixthly, he lost *Hereford* againe, with an hundred and fifty of his men and horse slaine and taken by the Townsmen, the sixth Conquest. 30. May.

Seventhly, *Waller* did looke upon *Worcester* (furiously) was beaten from before it delicately, lost an hundred and forty of his men certainly, and retired to *Gloucester* hastily, and shamefully; and this was the seventh Conquest.

Eighthly, *Waller* was beaten to some purpose, by his Majesties forces, under the command of Prince *Maurice*, the Lord Marquesse of *Hereford*, and the Earle of *Carnarvon*, at *Chewton* neere *Barbe*, and also againe, the same day, he was againe beaten by the same forces, in the same manner, neere the same place, he being still the same Conquerour, and this same was a double Conquest, which makes the number nine. 10. June.

Ninthly, the said Conquerour was againe wholly beaten by Prince *Maurice*, the Lord Marquesse of *Hereford*, and the Earle of *Carnarvon* from *Bradford Bridge* into *Barbe*, July 3. the tenth Conquest.

Tenthly, his sixth beating, was by Prince *Maurice*, and the Lord Marquesse of *Hereford* at *Landsdowne* the 6. or 7. of July, the eleventh Conquest.

Eleventhly, no man better beaten on *Roundway downe*, neere the *Devises*, quasi *Run a way downe*, or *Roundhead-downe*, on the 15. of July, brave *William* had a beating with a witnesse, being totally routed by Prince *Maurice* and Sir *John Byron*, and this was the twelfth Conquest which made up the Conquerours browne dozen in number, Compared to the twelve labours of *Hercules*. But this Battail was also fought by his Majesties forces under the conduct of the Right Honourable the Lord *Wilmot*: for these great victories so happily gained by this old beaten Conquering Commander, he was pompeyously received into *London*, with little lesse than a *Romane* triumph, on Tuesday 25. July, the Lord Majors shew was nothing to it, there wanted nothing but the Galley-foyst, and then all had beene compleat, the people swarmed about him like Caterpillers, every one glutted their eyes with

with gazing on this conquered *Agamemnon*, and thousands of
Voyces cried, *A Waller, A Waller.*

Thus was this *VV*artour welcom'd with as much joy to the
People, as his Excellencie was conveyed from them when he de-
parted from *London* last as their great *Generalissimo*, but now is he
cried down amongst them, he that hath done some service for
them, as that at *Edge-hill*, and the taking of *Reading*, he being a
Noble-man and honourably descended, that hath not omitted to
do his best to do them service, that hath hazzarded the losse of
Friends, Kin, Allégeance, Estate, Life, Honour, and Salvation;
for the service of such shuttle-cocke, wood-cocke, weather-cock-
brain'd People, and thus to preferre a mean Commander (in re-
spect of him) that hath been twelve times as good as beaten at
their cost and his perill : but by this a man may see their constan-
cie, and what it is to serve so many ungratefull Masters : his *Es-
sex* excellencies father was as noble a man as ever lived in his time,
and had done deserving services for his Prince and Countrey as
made him worthily beloved, (as long as he was loyall) he was the
gemme of the Court, the joy of the Souldier, and the darling of
the People, untill he was found disloyall, and would have surpris-
ed the Person of his Prince, and removed Her Counsellours, and
then the Citizens like loyall Subjects left him, but those Citizens
now have not shewed themselves the children or legitimate Po-
steritie of them that lived in his fathers time, for these have ani-
mated and abetted this his unlucky Son in most unnaturall Rebel-
lion against their true Liege Lord and most gracious Sovereigne,
so that as *London* hath formerly been honoured in all Histories for
truth and obedience, fidelitie to their Prince, and constancie in
profession of the true Protestant Religion, now it rebelliously
failes in both. The onely way for him now to recover the favour
again of the monster, monstrous many-headed Beast (the multi-
tude) is to be beaten over and over as his Corrivall, Competitor,
and over-topper *Waller* hath been.

For they are blinde (with ignorance besotted)
And thinke marres counsell, in a chamber plotted,

to be performed with the dint of sword;
 As it was wisely talk'd of at the bord,
 The ancient Proverbs they have quite forgot,
 The warres are sweet to those that know them not.

There was also another gird in the forenamed Pamphlet, which was that You, with the rest of the headlesse Members, did imitate the *Devill*, in making large promises to His Majestie, for as *Sathan* did promise to give all the Kingdomes of the world (You know to who) so You did promise to make the King the greatest and richest King that ever was in *England*, and as the bragging *Devill* was prodigall in offering to give that which was not his own, so You have out-done your infernall teacher, for You have robbed the King of all His Royalties, goods, and revenues; and You have rifled, ranfacked, imprisoned, and murdered, as many as have been faithfull and loyall Subjects, their faults being onely their loyaltie) whose wealth, armes, and lands You have most frankly bestowed and wasted upon the two sweet commodities, Treason and Rebellion.

Also the said Book declared Us to be worse dissembling *Hypocrites* than the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, or the wicked *Jewes*, for as they cried Haile when they meained hurt, and laughed when they intended mischief, so You, when You purposed the ruine of the King and his Posteritie, saluted him obediently, entertained him dutifully, exprest love abundantly, and flattered most treacherously, persisting maliciously, damnably, rebelliously: thus You mocked the King. Secondly, You mocked God in your publique Thankesgivings, for Your invisible Victories, when You were publicquely beaten, as at *Edge-hill*, when You and the Sawpit-Lord, with some others did make the People believe lies, on purpose to gull 'em of their monies, and lately You caused generall joy to be proclaimed, and Thankesgiving in all Churches for your Conquerours brave Achievements, whereby God was mocked in giving him thanks for that which You know was a lie, and the People were mocked and cheated too, in believing and leading. Thus have You mocked God, the King and the people,

ple, and by this meanes You have caused pagan and heathenish idolatric to be committed, first to *Bacchus* there hath been offered hundreds of Hecatombes of Healthes and Carouses, and secondly, your burnt-sacrifices to *Vulcan* have been innumerbly blazed in Bone-fires, fire and faggots, guns, flame, pipe and smoke.

This is the summe and pith of the said wicked Pamphlet, which would have been disperst over all *England* but that I bought 1000 of them, and burnt them privately in my lodging neare *Frier Bacon* studie, I pray You take care that none shall dare to have it, or reade it in *London*, for I tell Ye those wicked Bookes do as much wound Us as the swords of our Adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly; many Tongues and Languages are but confusion, and onely wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship are the main meanes that oppose Us, and hinder our Cause, therefore if ever we have the fortune to get the upper hand (as it is now very unlikely) we will down with all Law and Learning, and have no other Rule but the Carpenters, nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tallye, nor any praying or preaching but *ex tempore* by the Spirit.

It troubles my minde very much to heare that your House doth every where weare thinner and thinner, (like the fall of the leafe) so they are dropped from the tree of our almightie command (which tree was a *Medlar*) which shewes that though they were with Us, they were not of Us; 'tis said, that You have worne out the House of Lords quite, so that (upon the matter) there's no more but a little *Say* left) for You are like to have no more *Holland* (to curraine the Cause, the rest are as cyphers (or as round as cyphers) and are of no account in making a considerable number without You But I hope You will remember your selfe, for you are wiser than your Brethren, and you understand more than the Horse which your father did bequeath to your good and spacious mother, for that Horse knew not his own strength, as I hope You do. I know that You alone can uphold the dignitie and power of a Parliament without any Peeres, (for to say truth this Parliament never had any Peere, and the Malignant partie are in

hopeth it never shall have any Peer or fellow to match it) You can supplie your broken number by calling the *Common-Councill* of *London* to sit with you; if those be not number enough, or wise enough, call in the new female Committee, (where Madam *Waller* is Speaker and Doctor of the Chaire) if those do not fill up the seates, you may release our brother *Martin* and both the *Hotshams*; and your great friend *small Isaac* will serve for three very well; first, he is a Parliament man; secondly, he is your Mayor; and thirdly, he is your Lieutenant of the Tower, so you may slice him into three parts, (for I would not have him quartered into foure yet) and by these meanes You may maintain a Parliament perpetuall, with he and the Burgesses of your own making, and never have or aske the consent or presente of King, Lord, or any bodie else.

But if these great hopes of ours should faile (as there is great likelihood they will) yet there is no doubt but You have provided well for your Selfe and some of your poor Friends, it were a great uncharitablenesse to your selfe, and improvidence in You, if out of so many millions of money as hath been extorted willingly and unwillingly out of the People, that you should so farre forget your own condition, as not to remember that portion of Scripture that bids you *make to your selves friends of the mammon of unrighteousnesse, &c.* (You know how to wring and wrest the Text to your purpose) so it is not to be doubted but your zeal hath gained you many *Amsterdam*'d friends, to whom You may send treasure enough for the future supportation of the glorie and greatnesse of You and your posteritie, all which may be done with the unrighteous gotten *Mammon*, which hath been, is, or may be under your command, to be imployed, spent, sent, and transported as You please.

And least any Malignant, whom you have caused either to be plundered, or to be forced to lend, give, or pay towards the maintaining of our sanctimonious Cause, shall presume to question or enquire, or whisper, either publiquely or privately should aske how You have bestowed or laid out those vast summes of monies

ties received by You, or for your uses, I hope You are not unprovided of Spies, and post knights that will say any thing, that with the snare of your Authoritie shall entangle and trap mens words, as Swallowes catch Flies, whereby such inquisitive persons may be totally plundered, and personally punished, or straitly imprisoned, to the terror and example of others. It is reported here at *Oxford*, that some of the Kings sworne Servants, that weare His Majesties Liverie, and take wages of Him, it is said, that they have lovingly and liberally given and lent monies to advance the warres against their Master, and that they have laboured at the Workes of fortifications and Trenches, where they have taken mightie paines, and digged as if the devill had been in them, I pray you to have care to see them well respected, for it is thought the King will not reward them according to their likings, though perhaps they may be remembered as is fitting to their deserts and merits.

If money do begin to wax low, you know the old wayes to raise it, frame Letters of imaginary Fleets, Armes, Ammunition, and Armies, from any forraigne Prince or State, 'tis no matter from who, the very fear of which newes will bring in money with a mischiefe, and withall let the Preachers declare those *Chimera* dangers in the Pulpits, and be sure it be printed, and published to the publique view, for the credit of the Publique Faith: yet for all these seeming promising hopes, it is to be wished that we had been quieter, or that we knew which way to be quiet, and save our own stakes. O, had we had the spirit of propheticie to have known that the King would ever have been able to have risen again from so low an estate as we once had brought Him to, had we but gone to some skilfull wizzard, witch, cunning man, wise woman, jugler, or fortune-teller, that could but have told Us that our vain-glorious beginnings should have contemptible endings, surely the Devill owed Us a shame, that none of Us were skild in the book of fortune, *Erra Pater*, or *Bookers Almanack*, if I had been aware I would have gone to a fellow that conjures with a paire of sheares and a *Silver*, sure that grave *Athenian* would have told me all, and more too; for certainly, had we thought that the King would have been too hard for Us, we would never have rebelled against him, for the which offences, some small number of Us are punctually grieved, in that we have causelessly committed such intolerable and unexampled crimes, against so gracious a Sovereigne, for which our griefes and sorrowes are threefold.

First,

First, some few are grieved, and do repent for that they have been mislead and bewitched (like foolish *Galatians*) to withstand the Truth, and so hainously to offend so good, so gracious, and so pious a King, whose unsported Honour and untainted conversation is slander-prooffe, and against all batteries of calummie impregnable, who is an unmatchable pattern for Princes, and Subjects for imitation, either in ruling or obeying. A second sort of Us (being too great a number) are not so much grieved for the wickednesse we have done, as we are vexed at the very soules because we want power and meanes to make satisfaction by doing more mischief. And lastly, very many of Us are inwardly and outwardly perplexed in bodie and minde, being much troubled in our mindes with the griefes which we feele in our bodies, who have been miserably beaten, bruised, maimed and wounded, by his Majesties succesfull, mightie, and victorious Armies, and our sorrowes are so feeling unto Us, that we are more troubled and molested in consciences for the paines we suffer than we are sensible of the villanies we have committed.

I commend your grave wisdomes, in that you neither command or forbid the Book of Common Prayer, for if you should put it quite down you know it is flat against Statutes and the grounded established Lawes of this Land; on the other side, if you should command it to be said (as it ought to be) then you should lose not only the affections but also the Contributions of our deare Brethren (the *Anabaptists* and *Brownists*) they would all quickly vanish like bubbles. besides that Book is a trap or snare whereby you may catch the Malignant partie (as boyes catch tit mice in pit-falls) for you know that none but Protestants and the Kings best Friends will heare that Book read; on the contrary, not any one of our side, can abide it, therefore the Malignants may be perfectly known, that way, and by so knowing them, you may know who to imprison, plunder, or hang, and who to spare and reward, besides it is a rare piece of wisdom in you to allow eaves-droppers and promoting knaves to be as Mouce-traps to catch words, and undo all such as wish well to the King, and hang as many as shall dare to drinke Prince *Rebels* health. It is reported that you have made a sixfold government, wherein neither God or the King hath any thing to do; as first, the House of Lords are obedient to the House of Commons; secondly, the House of Commons is ruled by the close Committee; thirdly, the close Committee are commanded by the Common Councell; fourthly, the Common-Councell are guided by their wives; fifthly, their wives are instructed by the zealous-seditious Lecturers; and lastly, these fire-brand Lecturers are taught and tutor'd by the devill. With whom at this time leave you my most deare and laborious Brethren (in the Cause) with this request that you have an especiall care that this Letter be not printed at *London*, I pray you let me heare from you the next returne of *Tom Long*, he is one that you may confide in, for he may be trusted with untold hail-stones, you know that your name begins with a Greek *Π*, and mine a *Λ* for *Humphrey*, so farewell.

Finis.

